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A

POEM

ON THE

PEACE

Happily Concluded between

England, *Spain*, *Holland* and *France*,

At *Reſwick*, 1697.

By *Edmund Killingworth*, B. A. and Fellow of New College in *Oxford*.

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TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

EARL of *SUNDERLAND*:

One of the Lords Juſtices of *England*,

AND

Lord Chamberlain to his Majeſtie's Houſhold.

SIR,

WHilſt each King, the Wars dread Randing done,
His Neighbour troubles not, but minds his Throne;
Whilſt taught to grow by Trade, and govern Peace,
Spencer, and *Spencer*'s Arts their States redreſs;
Pardon the Joy which Muſe and Fury brings,
The Man of Nations, and the Love of Kings.

Huſh

Huſh all ye Thrones!—Huſh ev'ry Hallow'd Power!—
Whilſt Godlike *Naſſau* ſpeaks—Be War no more.
Tis ſaid!—And ſtrait to diſtant Nations round,
An Angel clipt, and ſate upon the Sound.
In the Third Heav'n, on a fair Cryſtal-fold,
Is Peace, Joy, Love—and all that's Peace, enroll'd.

Hail! Peace, Old Age's Beauty, Ploughman's Rain,
The Pagan's Goſpel, and the Miſer's Gain!
Wizards Preſage, Atheiſts Prayer, Envy's Love,
Below, the Song of Men, and Hymn of Gods above!

The Times that hear Bleſt *Reſwick*'s Leaguer ſlight
Or *Namur*'s hardy Siege, or *Mons*'s Fight.
Here the proud *Louvre* views, 'twixt Joy and Shame,
The Heavenly Mortgage made to *William*'s Name;
With ſo much Eaſe ſuch Coſtly Wonders done,
In one hard Day, the Toil of Ages won;
And him the Forts, earn'd with *French* Smart afore,
His *Brittons* ſlumb'ring, to the World reſtore.

Old *Latium* kept hard Conqueſts like their Word;
Nor let the bandy'd Cities ſhift their Lord:

Now,

Now the fierce Child, (as Reverend *Homer* chants)
His nobler, warlike, leafy Ramparts plants.
Old *Rome*, Sir, for ſuch Acts ſo much is due,
Naſſau their Oath, had held a Day for you.
Doubtleſs Towns got ſo ſoon, are govern'd long,
Fenc'd with your Myſtick Arms, made Heavenly ſtrong;
They by your Conduct taught, rank Eaſe abhor,
And in mid-Peace abide the Smart of War:
With Care like yours, *Jove*'s Bird his Dues aſſumes,
And carries Thunder on his Downy Plumes;
Enough to ſhew, when they'l provoke their Doom,
You'l drive the *French*-men's puny Conqueſts home.

When the Fiend War you by your Valour's Spell,
England the Circle, chain'd up faſt in Hell;
You glorifi'd the Towns thro' which you rode,
The *Briton*'s Angel, and the *Belgian*'s God.
The gracious Pomp of Peace adorn'd your March,
Half Heavens bright Concave, your Triumphal Arch.

Full Ten Years Wars aſſaulted *Dryden*'s *Troy*,
Twice Ten Years Wars Great *William*'s Tale employ.
No more our Children *Hector* ſhall bewail,
Tell us, tell us, they cry, dear *William*'s Tale.

How the *Batavians*, while her Arms advance,
Our Nation errant, freed from *Spain* and *France*.
Now having paſs'd the Streights, your Thunder ſoon
Makes their Oak-Gyants tremble in *Thoulon*;
Whence forc'd at laſt, they cowring from afar,
Like mean-got Traffick, run their Ships of War.
E're long ſet ſail again, and we purſue;
Hatter'd in th' old World, dog 'em to the New.
Where they like Thieves pant in their Watry Den,
Heedleſs of Rocks, yet ſculking from our Men:
And whilſt their beating Hearts for Terror ake,
The World's vaſt Iſland for *Great Britain* take.

How Diſtant Nations worſhip his Renown,
And where ſcarce God himſelf, is *William* known.
The *Ruſſia North* his decent Courage greets,
The Savage *North* quakes at our *Southern* Heats.
Fair *Moſcow* learns the Paſſage of the *Rhine*,
And *Moſcow*'s Torrent gives it for the *Boyne*.

Our Weſtern *Jove*, how *Turkiſh* Squadrons fear,
Will o're the *Helleſpont Europa* bear;

But now —— The World, unknown in Courts before,
Shall find our Husband King, Love's Throne adore.
As once their Sides th' Immortal Sticklers chose,
These for *Æneas*, and for *Turnus* those;
So you, Sir, with your lovely, lovely Dame,
Shall see the *Polish* Stage fight out your Nuptial Game:
Clipt in her Arms, O! Listen to her Prayer,
Nay, do not, do not mind these ugly ways of War.
Whilst Peace with her rich Urn at Thresholds stands,
And holds to Hunger's Mouth, her blessing Hands;
Since Crowds at Ease th' anointed Cares devour;
As all was Rage behind, let all be Love before.
Men rough in War, in Peace are soft agen;
War the Brutes Plague, the Charter, Peace, of Men.

A while to view the great World join'd with this,
Milton would quit his own lov'd Paradise;
Himself a Cherub now:——
And *Gabriel*'s Spade, th' inchanted Bridge should lay,
And with bright *Topaz Uriel* pave the Way.

O! may your Kingdom's feel, without Alloy,
Like you, Sir, an unweary'd Line of Joy.

Nor

Nor Seamen quarrel, nor our Merchants find
The lean War leave it's Tygers Claws behind;
Whilſt you thank thoſe that reign'd for you before,
Much *Cavendiſh*, *Sommers* much, but *Spencer* more.

FINIS.